Stay

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by StratsWrote

Summary

Nigel reached for him again, his hand tight on Adam's wrist. He struggled with himself for a moment, and then said, "Don't go."

Adam hesitated. "You need rest," he said again.

"I'll rest better with you here, gorgeous."

“This is fucking stupid,” Nigel grumbled

“I *told* you the ladder wouldn’t hold up,” Adam said, for perhaps the fourteenth time in the three days since Nigel had gotten the cast put on his leg. Nigel had crutches, but they had just moved, and most of the walkways were still crowded with boxes. It was easier for Adam to just drape Nigel’s arm over his shoulder and help him from place to place, as he was now.

“Ladders don’t have fucking expiration dates.”

“It was *rotting*, Nigel.”

“Only needed it to hold me up long enough to replace the porch light.”

Adam rolled his eyes, depositing Nigel onto his side of their bed. They’d had this argument several times now, and Adam never understood it. Why did it matter what Nigel *wanted* the ladder for? It did not change the fact that the ladder had broken, and so had Nigel.

Nigel reached for Adam when he pulled away. “You know I’m not mad at you, right gorgeous? I’m just frustrated with this fucking cast.”

“Why would you be mad at me?” Adam asked. “*I* didn’t tell you to get on the ladder.”

Nigel groaned and let his head fall back amongst the pillows. Adam busied himself with propping Nigel’s leg up.

“You should rest,” Adam told him. “The doctor said rest is the only way to heal, and I know the painkillers make you tired. I’m going to—”

Nigel reached for him again, his hand tight on Adam’s wrist. He struggled with himself for a moment, and then said, “Don’t go.”

Adam hesitated. “You need rest,” he said again.

“I’ll rest better with you here, gorgeous.”

After a moment, Adam circled the bed to climb in on his own side. He pressed up against Nigel, careful of his leg. Nigel laced their fingers together.

“I hate this,” Nigel said softly.

“It’s just a few weeks.”

Nigel snorted. “A few weeks of being still. When have you ever known me to be still?”

Adam considered that for a moment. Even in his sleep, Nigel was in constant motion. It had taken weeks for Adam to fully adjust. He tossed, he turned. He dragged Adam halfway across the mattress to cling to him like a teddy bear.

“I can unpack the books first,” Adam said. “That will give you something to keep yourself busy.”

Nigel gave him a look that Adam was learning to recognize as ‘fond’. “That’s not *doing* something, darling. I need to be moving.”

“The doctor said you weren’t supposed to be moving!” Adam said, alarmed. Nigel sighed, dropping his head to place a kiss to the top of Adam’s curls.

“I feel like such a fucking useless idiot.” He admitted.

“You’re not useless. And you’re not an idiot.” Adam frowned, reaching up to cup Nigel’s jaw. “I don’t like when you talk about yourself that way.”

Nigel turned his face to press a kiss to Adam’s palm. “Good thing I have you here to correct me, huh, gorgeous?”

Adam leaned in to kiss him, soft and careful. Soft and careful never stayed that way for long, with Nigel involved, and soon he was pushing up onto his elbow, draped halfway across Nigel’s chest with Nigel’s fingers in his hair.

“*You’re* gorgeous,” Adam murmured against Nigel’s lips. “Handsome. Strong.”

“*Hard*,” Nigel said with a laugh. “Baby, you know what it does to me when you talk.”

Adam pulled back with a grin, catching the matching smile on Nigel’s face. Nigel loved to listen to Adam speak, whether it be compliments or a long, in-depth lesson on the stars. It never ceased to give Adam a thrum of pleasure. Someone was listening. Someone wanted to hear *him*.

And he was more than happy to use that to his advantage.

“Don’t move,” he told Nigel firmly, slipping his hand beneath the waistband of Nigel’s sweatpants. Nigel let out a quiet gasp, eyes shut as he tilted his head back.

“Like that, baby,” Nigel whispered. “Just like that.”

Adam wrapped a hand around Nigel’s cock, already half-hard and straining. Kinks had taken him a while to figure out, but with a few months of trial and error, he could safely say he knew what Nigel liked. “Don’t move,” he said again, nudging Nigel’s pants down around his thighs. “Be good for me.”

“Fuck, baby…”

Adam teased at Nigel’s foreskin with his thumb, watching the faintest twitches of his lips. Nigel was easy enough. He liked just about anything. But he loved words above all, loved being told he was worth the attention he was getting. And he *was*. “You’re so beautiful,” Adam said, his hand slipping faster over Nigel’s length. “You take care of me so well, Nigel, you’re so *good*.”

Nigel's moan was tinged with pain, an old guilt that Adam had not yet freed him from. Adam pressed on.

"I love your arms," he said, placing a kiss against Nigel's bicep. "I love the way you hold me. I love your smile."

Nigel huffed out a laugh, turning his face to meat Adam's kiss. His unbroken leg bent at the knee, heel digging into the bed as Adam worked him over.

"I love when you fight with me over who's turn it is to pick the movie," Adam added with a laugh. "I love you, Nigel. You're perfect for me. You're so good, come for me, please."

Nigel's breath came in hot pants against Adam's cheek, his eyes shut as his hips twisted, struggling to thrust into Adam's touch without jostling his leg. His cock pulsed in Adam's grip, spilling over his stomach as he came.

"Good," Adam said again, reaching for the tissues on the bedside table. "You're so good for me."

Nigel laughed, covering his eyes with a hand. "I'm not a dog," he said, but he couldn't hold back his grin.

"Will you rest now?" Adam asked, helping Nigel to pull his pants back up.

"Only if you stay with me, gorgeous."

"Of course, Nigel."

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